





Class PS 2882

Book .H8

1918





# The House of Dreamery

In Two Parts

By

DENTON J. SNIDER



ST. LOUIS, MO.  
SIGMA PUBLISHING CO.  
210 PINE STREET.

1918

PS 2882

HE  
1912

Transferred from  
Copyright Office  
May 27, 1931

*Press of  
Nixon-Jones Printing Co.  
St. Louis, Mo.*

## Contents

### *PART FIRST—THE DREAM WORLD*

The New Palace.....	8
Democracy . . . . .	9
World Pain . . . . .	10
For Whose Sake.....	11
The House of Dreamery.....	12
The Dreamer . . . . .	13
The Conflagration . . . . .	14
Macrocosm . . . . .	15
Armageddon . . . . .	16
The Universal Crucifix.....	17
Halifax . . . . .	18
The Spokesman . . . . .	20
Confessional . . . . .	22
Shrift . . . . .	23
Question . . . . .	24
Answer . . . . .	25
The Double Sun.....	26
Resolve . . . . .	27
The Two Hearts.....	28
The God of Suffering.....	30
The Fated One.....	31
The Red Muse.....	32
The World's Hent.....	34
The Nameless Pain.....	36
The Pain's Name.....	37
The Talking Sphinx.....	38
Bad Dreams . . . . .	40

Behemoth . . . . .	41
Earth's Tragedy . . . . .	42
Earth's Prayer . . . . .	43
God's Pain . . . . .	44
The Paternoster . . . . .	46
The Time . . . . .	47
Sentenced . . . . .	48
Lament . . . . .	50
What It Means . . . . .	51
To Hamlet . . . . .	52
The Judgment . . . . .	54
Who Am I? . . . . .	56
God's Spell . . . . .	57
The Bereaved Mother . . . . .	58
Donna Dolorosa . . . . .	59
L'Immortelle . . . . .	60
Arise . . . . .	61
Day and Night . . . . .	62
A Sigh . . . . .	63
Wordless . . . . .	63
The New Law . . . . .	64
Haunted . . . . .	65
The Sun's Refusal . . . . .	66
The Old Sun-clock . . . . .	67
Renewal . . . . .	68
Panorama . . . . .	69
Eden . . . . .	70
Thought to Image . . . . .	72
Self Winder . . . . .	73
My Book . . . . .	73
The World's Hospital . . . . .	74
Relief . . . . .	74



## CONTENTS

	5
The New Sun.....	75
The Combat .....	76
The Helper .....	77
Lesser Pain .....	78
Orison . . . . .	79
The Time's Healer.....	80
Earth's Wound .....	81
My Dreams .....	82
Providence . . . . .	83
Day . . . . .	84
Night . . . . .	85
By Day and Night.....	86
Future . . . . .	88
Past . . . . .	89
Prometheus Bound .....	90
Prometheus Unbound .....	91
Dream's Universe .....	92
Shadows . . . . .	93
God's Tear .....	94
My Duet .....	96
Rhyme's Condolence .....	97
Decree . . . . .	98
Love's Triumph .....	99

## *PART SECOND—THE DREAM LIFE*

Beyond . . . . .	102
Blessed Pain .....	103
A Dream Within a Dream.....	104
Evanishment . . . . .	106
The Season's Picture.....	108
The Old Story.....	110

Pain's Gospel .....	111
The Falling Star.....	112
Re-united . . . . .	113
Returning Star . . . . .	114
Now and Then.....	115
Self-resurrection . . . . .	116
The Duet . . . . .	119
Dirge . . . . .	120
The Seraph . . . . .	122
Recessional . . . . .	124
The Beldames Three.....	126
The Two Voices.....	128
The Giant . . . . .	130
The Reliever . . . . .	132
The Face of Pain.....	133
Spring . . . . .	134
Roses . . . . .	136
Like Through Like.....	137
A Tear . . . . .	138
The One . . . . .	140
Nature's Keynote . . . . .	141
Vernal Mood . . . . .	142
Autumnal Mood . . . . .	143
Pessimism . . . . .	144
Optimism . . . . .	145
Restored . . . . .	146
Memory . . . . .	147
Image to Thought.....	148
Psychology . . . . .	149
No More . . . . .	150
Last Judgment . . . . .	152

# The House of Dreamery

---

## Part First

### *THE DREAM WORLD*

Let me but roam abroad in sleep

Myself I then shall see,

And in the God's own bosom peep

My immortality.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

THE NEW PALACE

My night builds a palace of sheen  
Lit up by another world's sun,  
My day shall rebuild it of words  
That the house of my dreams get done.

So now I plan them a home  
Where we together shall dwell,  
And every word of my writ  
I mould of my dream's eerie spell.

This palace builded of measures,  
Whose architect though I may seem,  
Is his to indwell as the master  
Who awake is living my dream.

*PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.*

DEMOCRACY

Sleep is the mighty democrat  
Whose triumph comes to set all free;  
Him I install as President  
Within my House of Dreamery.

I swoon into my underworld  
To find the Goddess Liberty,  
Who bans my pains and breaks my chains  
Within my House of Dreamery.

Sleep levels all men to one dream  
Of Earth's democracy,  
And gives them equal life and love  
Within my House of Dreamery.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

WORLD PAIN

How comes it that I am pursued by a pain  
Yet know not the why of my ill?  
No misfortune to me has stricken my life,  
But this heart-bleed follows me still.

When I slip out of my dream with the morn,  
I feel on my spirit a weight  
Which is never of me, yet is mine to upbear—  
The crush of a worldful of fate.

I sense all the universe now to bleed  
Hit with a terrestrial blow,  
And I this little old corpuscle, man,  
Must share the whole cosmical woe.

*PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.*

FOR WHOSE SAKE

To-night my world-pain took a voice  
Which to my heart's cry spake:  
“This mighty cataclysm of blood—  
Thou shoutest, For whose sake?

“Calamity restores the bond  
Which all success doth maim,  
I know your suffering by mine,  
Our torture is the same.

“In war's mad shriek of agony  
Which circles the whole Earth,  
Pain's universal brotherhood  
Is having now its birth.”

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY

When I lie on the lawn at noon  
And listen to the bumble-bee,  
His little buzz will jar the door  
Of my pearl House of Dreamery.

I slip into the workmen's forge,  
A thousand sledges smite I see,  
Each hammer hits some hidden bolt  
To ope my House of Dreamery.

At once the Dreams dart out to me  
In fetches far of fantasy,  
I time them all in music's mode  
To tune my House of Dreamery.

If I but thread the thronging street,  
A million noises jostle me;  
Still every noise flows to a note  
Which floods my House of Dreamery.



*PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.*

But when I lay me on my lounge  
And will myself a dreamer be,  
I build a world of Love within  
My House divine of Dreamery.

---

THE DREAMER

It is my love to live a dream  
And fleet the world around,  
I long to be and not to seem,  
To Time no longer bound.

A stranger to this life I roam,  
For when I wake, I seem;  
But I return to my right home  
When I can be a dream.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

THE CONFLAGRATION

Our world held an orgy Satanic  
Which bedraggled me all through the night,  
And I fell to a dream volcanic  
Which boiled me in tears at the sight.

Up rose a burning mountain  
Out of a human breast,  
Whose throbs shot a lava fountain  
That burnt its way from the crest.

The eyes burst a double crater  
That never ceased to flow,  
Their ruddy rivers rolled greater  
While fiercer became their glow.

The sides were layered of tinder,  
Whose flames rose tongued with sighs,  
And wherever would fall a cinder  
Broke out the tristfulest cries.

*PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.*

But as those flames waxed hotter  
They wrapped it around to the top,  
The mountain did tremble and totter,  
But the furnace never could stop  
Until the whole Earth-ball was whizzing  
With all its five zones on fire;  
Good Providence too seemed blazing  
In Heaven upon the world's pyre.

---

MACROCOSM

I feel without a fault of mine  
An ever-prowling pain,  
Which crawls into my day with dawn  
As I wake up again.

It throbs the macrocosm's bale,  
Wherein I am a part,  
Which with its penance overflows  
This microcosmic heart.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

ARMAGEDDON

The Earth entire turns Satan  
With monstrous jaw  
Devouring his own children  
In world-wide maw.

This planetary Dragon  
Through space now toils  
With all damned Armageddon  
Caught in his coils.

I would not let him loop me  
E'en in my dream,  
But whooped up all my courage  
To one last scream:

"I dare thy noose, God's serpent  
Round Eden curled;"  
He, hissing me his frenzy,  
Let drop the world.

*PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.*

THE UNIVERSAL CRUCIFIX

The crucifixion is not now confined  
To single small Jerusalem,  
Nor is to-day the Christ, the son divine,  
Born only in one Bethlehem.

To-day the valley of Jehosaphat  
Is all the land, aye all the sea,  
The judgment seat hangs all around the globe—  
The convict, all humanity.

The whole world has become now Golgotha,  
The charnel home of man who died;  
This Earth-ball is the Hill of Calvary  
Where all the race is crucified.

Upon that universal crucifix  
Both you and I suspended seem,  
But resurrection of this death-done world  
Is what gives substance to our dream.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

HALIFAX

(December, 1917)

My fellow-dreamer came in tears,  
Nor would his lips relax  
From shouting in my sleepy ear :  
O hapless Halifax.

To be the sufferer of war  
Far from the battle line,  
To feel the judgment of a world—  
Why should the lot fall thine?

The body whole of this mad Earth  
Against itself turns foe,  
And thy small nook, O Halifax,  
Has felt the fated blow.

On all this wounded planet's face  
Thou art one little pore,  
Which, hit by chance, O Halifax,  
Doth bubble out thy gore.

*PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.*

We make thy sacrifice our own  
Through Charity's deep plan,  
Thy loss we hope the world's far gain—  
The brotherhood of man.

So dream we daily to undo  
The time's demonic acts,  
Though Providence may seem a fiend  
To thee, O Halifax.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

THE SPOKESMAN

The Earth's great soul moaned out a pain  
    Into this little soul of mine,  
As its huge whirling body tossed  
    Around upon its circling line.

That body spouted streams of blood  
    Throughout all Heaven's far-lit space,  
It heaved deep sobs, but could not speak  
    A word from its great orb'd face.

Still in my little human soul  
    I heard the mighty Earth-soul pray;  
Though wordless flowed its speech in mine,  
    I understood what it might say:

“Thou hast the power of the word  
    Which I am fated not to sing  
Unless thou lend to me thy voice  
    To syllable my suffering,



*PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.*

“Build thou to speech,” the Earth-soul sighed

“The grandeur of my pain,  
And wreath around my weeping sphere  
Thy melancholy’s strain.”

Then lent I to the great Earth-soul  
Of me the petty piping note  
Which soon swelled up and swathed the globe,  
Sung from that huge terrestrial throat.

So mightily did roll that voice  
Up to the stars and down the years  
That I could hear within my dream  
The farthest music of the Spheres.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

CONFESSIOAL

My heart-bleed has set in  
And will not stop  
Until I take my quill  
To word each drop.

The world-pain sleuths me still  
By some Judge sent  
As to a spirit damned  
In punishment.

I suffer with the Earth  
For her blood spilt—  
I share her motherhood,  
I feel her guilt

Until I shrive myself  
To my shrift's Lord,  
For my confessional  
Is this throbbled word.

PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.

SHRIFT

I love that old word *shrift*  
From Heaven lit;  
In its deep Saxon heart  
It means a writ

Which absolution brings  
That I may thrive,  
And Verse is my High Priest  
Who doth me shrive.

Thou, Poesy, art but jingling  
With words adrift,  
Unless in thy soul singing  
I hear thy shrift.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

QUESTION

O tell me now, my rhyming Sir  
What is your House of Dreamery?  
I wander through its mystic haze  
And I can never find the key.

If you but turn to tune your line  
Unto the lilt of poesy,  
It straightway swoons off to a strain  
Which croons your House of Dreamery.

And if you seek to chime my hour  
Into a stream of melody,  
The music runs at once away  
Floating your House of Dreamery.

A ghost obsesses your pen's point  
To prick this world's reality;  
Can you not charm some sun inside  
Your nighted House of Dreamery?

*PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.*

ANSWER

For mine own me I make my rhyme,  
    Though I would make it for thee too;  
I can by it outdare my doom  
    When in my House of Dreamery.

Tuned to my verse I long to lull  
    My surging heart compassionate  
Which thrills responsive to each wail  
    Shrieked from the whole world's blow of fate.

The reddest throb from sorrow's stab  
    I rock into a rhythmic strain,  
That it may give to thee my balm  
    When out thy heart doth bleed my pain.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

THE DOUBLE SUN

I live along the Sun's high course,  
He lights me out the skies  
And tells my times upon the earth,  
I set with him and rise.

For me he smiles the pretty day,  
And frowns the ugly night,  
His kisses may caress or kill—  
A blessing be or blight.

The sun is double in his deed  
His sheen is love or hate;  
But mine it is to make him one,  
And so outdo his fate

*PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.*

RESOLVE

A double sun rose on my dream,  
A black one and a bright;  
Each claimed to own a half of me  
And double was my sight.

The two would never work as one—  
Man's curse and yet his prayer;  
It doth me light, it doth me smite,  
Life's giver and life's slayer.

I feel them in me strive atwain,  
Yet I shall make them one;  
For I must be within myself  
More than a double sun.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

THE TWO HEARTS

The seams of Earth's old face  
Run red to-day,  
And the whole globe is gashed  
In gory fray.

I dreamed a naked heart  
About to burst,  
It swelled and throbbed and leaped  
As if accursed.

Into that swollen heart  
Was plunged a knife.  
Which cut it to the core,  
To let its strife.

Dark are the gouts of blood  
That from it run,  
And to a measure wild  
Fall one by one.



*PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.*

Each drop in sombre hue  
    Leaps into rhyme,  
And verses made of blood  
    Gush forth in time.

The heart now rests awhile  
    Freed from its pain,  
But soon it swells anew—  
    Must flow again.

Thou, stricken heart, throb out  
    Thy newer part,  
To me thou hast become  
    The whole Earth's heart.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

THE GOD OF SUFFERING

I dreamed myself an offering  
Which I alive did give,  
To the Great God of Suffering  
That I through him might live.

I prayed that God: "O ban me not,  
Complete my holy vow,  
With thine to link my higher lot  
That I reborn be Thou."

I dared in him to sink away  
And not to be to seem;  
But in that spell I could not stay,  
I soon fell out my dream.

Still back to it I often flee,  
And sing my old refrain  
Which wings me up to ecstasy  
That I be God again.

THE FATED ONE

I saw the Earth-ball droop last night  
As if a mighty head  
Which from its body was shorn off  
While through all space it bled.

I, welling sorrow, asked that head:  
“From yours you stray unmated,  
And roll at random in the void—  
Why thus decapitated?

Then out its wound it gurgled words:  
“My tragedy now scan:  
Of millions of my fated men  
I’m the one fated man.”

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

THE RED MUSE

Within this madhouse of a world  
I heard the Muse to sing,  
Who dares with this red time tune red  
Her strains of suffering:

“Whatever I may throb in rhyme  
My speech seems always hit,  
My vocables roll off my tongue  
As if by demon smit.

“My very thoughts from me fall hurt  
In what I have to say;  
My tongued sounds are slit in twain  
With the time’s fang to-day.

“Let me but sing a soulful strain,  
It shrills a twanging slash,  
And hisses with the dragon Earth  
Whose jaws I hear now gnash.

*PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.*

“And if I dare once fall asleep  
My very dream runs red  
And streams in gashes from a heart  
As if my shadow bled.”

O Muse, thy tensely chorded words  
Are keyed up to thy theme,  
And I am but the trembling scribe  
To letter thy red dream.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

THE WORLD'S HENT

My old wound boils to-day as when  
In fight I fell afield;  
So many years it has been hush,  
As if forever healed.

But now it breaks at once apart  
With all its former pain,  
A sharp and sudden splash it bursts  
In throbs to bleed again.

I know not why this should be so,  
My body is not rent,  
Most happy in myself I feel,  
Yet by that wound am shent.

Of friend or kin I have no loss,  
No sick or dying love;  
Still that old stroke stabs back at me,  
As driven from above.

*PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.*

Once life was red in blobs of blood,  
To-day my soul is rent,  
And from afar beyond the sea  
I feel the world's hid hent.

Of this great bleeding bodied Earth  
I live one little cell,  
And, aching with the sphere's far hurt,  
I sing my wounded spell.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

THE NAMELESS PAIN

There is a pathos in my breast  
Which seems the world to rive  
And break the human heart in two—  
I live not, though alive.

I wonder what the cause may be  
That saddens me this morn;  
Just when I wake and see the sun,  
I would I were unborn.

I wonder what it is to-day  
That wrings me with despair,  
No longer can I love my hope,  
To live I hardly dare.

I have no ill of mine own lot,  
And I am not bereft  
Of what life's sweetest ties can give;  
And still my heart is cleft.



*PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.*

But when I dip in it my pen  
Through which its throbs I drive,  
And make them trickle down in words—  
Again I live alive.

---

THE PAIN'S NAME

My body's pang it neither is,  
Nor is it that of me,  
Although myself it too inspheres  
In its totality.

A crucifixion now it seems  
Of the whole universe,  
This passion new is cosmical,  
And cosmical the curse.

Then let the name be also new  
For this huge pain new-born;  
Cosmalgia is the snake I feel  
Bite through my soul forlorn.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

THE TALKING SPHINX

The old Egyptian Sphinx  
Broke granite lips  
Which crumbled at my feet  
In little chips

That he might speak to me  
His cryptic word  
Which all Nile's centuries  
Had never heard:

“The time doth bid me tell  
My dream of stone,  
For this whole human pain  
Is just mine own.

“Till now I froze in rock  
My sorrow's tears;  
But hark! they melt to words  
To reach thine ears.

*PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.*

“The mute colossus I  
Of suffering  
Now ope my mouth through thee  
My pain to sing.

“Thou, little blob of man,  
Behold in mine  
Pain’s immortality  
By God’s own sign.”

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

BAD DREAMS

I dreamed I saw the Serpent old  
About our planet whorled,  
To take his tail into his mouth  
And hold up our round world.

But suddenly in wrath the beast  
Its ringed tail spat out  
And with it fell our spheréd Earth  
Down to dark Hela's rout.

Into mine own dim underworld  
That serpent coils his creep,  
With many a hiss and snap and glare  
He wakes me out my sleep.

I grope dark corners of myself  
To ban such monsters' throng,  
But in my House of Dreamery  
They too somewhere belong.

BEHEMOTH

I dreamed of big old Behemoth,  
Monster of holy saw,  
Who welcomed once the prophet lone  
To his palatial maw.

But now the bigger Behemoth  
Gapes for this girdled Earth,  
Which he doth swallow easily  
As he did Jonah's girth.

But biggest dream I Behemoth  
With future task to follow,  
His final most Titanic job  
Is just himself to swallow.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

EARTH'S TRAGEDY

I heard her groan to-day—

Old Mother Earth :

“I would my life unwind

Up to my birth.

“Let me go back to thee,

And be undone

Into a shred of mist

Of thine, O Sun.”

The Sun said to the Earth :

“I am too old,

I have turned back myself,

Am getting cold.”

Then sobbed sad Mother Earth

“Now I know why

On my life's sphere is writ

My tragedy.”

*PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.*

EARTH'S PRAYER

The world is cut to threads by day  
But is made whole by night,  
I hear the wounded Earth now pray  
“O snuff me out the light.

“By day I wander a lost soul,  
By night comes rescue soon,  
Oh that the knell of day would toll  
And into night I swoon!

“Now would I sleep a million years  
My wounded sphere to heal,  
And soothe my boiling sea of tears  
Till whole again I feel.”

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

GOD'S PAIN

A Pain just come to-day  
Is sealed divine;  
It hails from God's own heart,  
And also mine.

A suffering new I feel  
And so do you,  
This universal pang  
I never knew.

Time's greatest novelty  
Is just this pain;  
Its Oceanic wave  
Who may restrain?

This war is new, 'tis said,  
War universal, too;  
So likewise is its woe  
Which tides this suffering new



*PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.*

Flowing from the Beyond  
An infinite,  
The universe is stabbed  
In mundane fight.

And I beneath that shock  
Must also cringe—  
I, this atomic point  
Feel with God's twinge.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

THE PATERNOSTER

The Paternoster wrathful rose  
And took his judgment seat  
Above a million starry spheres  
Which twinkled at his feet.

He summoned to his awful eye  
Our little planet ball,  
The little sinner gan to weep  
Hearing the Judge's call:

“The example now I make of thee  
For all my stellar world,  
The farthest star shall fear thy fate  
Lest it be Hellward hurled.”

Of the whole universe thus judged  
The Grand Justiciary,  
Whose word at once flew to the deed  
Fulfilling his decree.

*PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.*

The Paternoster painful rose  
And left his judgment seat  
Amid a million starry spheres  
Which trembled at his feet.

---

THE TIME

The Earth is now one crucifix  
On which I dream the One, the Man;  
A universal Calvary  
Reveals the new Creation's plan.

I hear the Universe's clock  
Knelling to Time her node supreme,  
And the great soul of Time herself  
Is now fulfilling her long dream.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

SENTENCED

Old Father Sun I heard in a dream  
Summon his daughter the Earth  
Into his presence creative again,  
For he minded to take back her birth.

He would overmake her a little sun-flake  
Somehow as she was long ago;  
But still he shone a sorrowful word  
Whose fervor illumined his woe:

“Since the aeon when thou wert born of my loins  
Many millions of years have sped,  
Methinks, Oh Earth, I must knead thee anew,  
It were better that thou be dead.

“Thy quarrelsome ages of fire and frost,  
Thy battles of land and ocean,  
Were little rents in thine own little ball,  
And thine too was all the commotion.

*PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.*

“But now thy disaster flies back to the stars,  
Has infected the Milky Way,  
The Cosmos is bleeding sore of thy sin,  
For thy deed thou hast now to pay.”

Then old Father Sun wrapped his face in a cloud  
Which I dreamed to drop into tears,  
While the Earth-ball suddenly backward whirled  
One turn of some millions of years.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

LAMENT

I saw the wan Moon sail away  
Afar from her orbital round,  
As she vanished into the void  
She sobbed her sorrow profound :

“I no longer can look on the Earth,  
Although my mother she be,  
She is stabbing herself to-day  
Her blood I shudder to see.”

“O mother, farewell,” cried the Moon,  
“I break the family tie—  
Thy tragedy not to behold  
I am running out of the sky.”

Still round the horizon’s sad bound  
I heard the moonset’s last sigh :  
“I sink to my cosmical grave,  
O Mother, with thee I now die.”

*PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.*

WHAT IT MEANS

This discipline of suffering—

What does it mean to me—

Which belts the weeping Earth around

In bloody agony?

This belt of bloody agony

Making the world one stain,

Doth bind together all its parts

In brotherhood of pain.

The fellow-feeling of the man

Taps deep the primal me,

Then sets it flowing with all hearts

In kindred sympathy.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.

TO HAMLET

Like Hamlet in the play  
I often have bad dreams,  
But most unlike to him  
I know the world of *seems*.

And yet most real to him  
Was just that risen Ghost  
Who told his deepest self  
The secret of the lost.

That apparition is  
For Hamlet and for me;  
Yon world is what appears,  
This Ghost is what must be.

But a still greater Ghost  
I hear in Hamlet moan,  
The greatest ghost of Time,  
It is Will Shakespeare's own.



*PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.*

Then dares my dreamful dance  
A spectral whirl of three,  
We join us hand in hand—  
Will Shakespeare, Hamlet, me.

Round all the world we rune  
In eerie rivalry,  
Until our ghosts hie home  
To hymn our Dreamery.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

THE JUDGMENT

The planets too have judgment day,  
Each planet pleads his cause;  
The planetary deed is tried  
By planetary laws.

I saw their hoar tribunal rise,  
The Earth was called to trial  
For all the blood spilt yesteryear,  
Her guilt met no denial.

The father Sun gave sentence last,  
He was the Judge most high,  
He crushed our Earth-ball in his hand  
And flung it out the sky.

“Go back” he criel “into my forge  
For penitential pain,  
Atone thy blood-guilt in my fires,  
Till thou be born again.

*PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.*

“Then bask afresh upon my sheen  
    Becoming a new Earth;  
But now I thunder thee thy doom  
    Unsphered be thou from birth.”

I saw our guilty Earth-ball burn  
    By law of Judge Supreme  
Whose thunders, shaking all the spheres,  
    Me shook out of my dream.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

WHO AM I?

Pulsed out of Eternity's wound  
I drip but a drop of blood;  
That drop makes me share in the Whole  
Which I never before understood.

I am but the point of a pang  
In Ubiquity's woe,  
Which beats on my little lone hour  
With a world's overthrow.

In sorrow's great universe  
I am but an atom of pain  
Which echoes a planet's far plaint,  
And breaks into words of my strain.

These words not only ooze balm  
To soothe my personal sting,  
They slake in the solace of speech  
The world-soul's suffering.

*PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.*

GOD'S SPELL

The God to-day puts on a mask  
Of darker tragedy,  
His grimmer presence makes me shrink  
And dareless graveward flee.

Still on his lips a woful word  
Bespeaks his hoping heart:  
“For thee I am a God in pain  
And for the Future’s part.

“Pain is the human leveler  
Whose blessing is to be,  
When all mankind shall brothered rise  
Through Pain’s democracy.”

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

THE BEREAVED MOTHER

Again Demeter's moan  
I heard to start;  
For her lost child bewailed  
The mother's heart.

Under a lid of earth  
It had been borne,  
From out this upper life  
Fate had it torn.

Not now through Hellas old  
She wandered lone,  
But all around the world  
I heard her groan.

Then rose up Father Zeus  
And took his throne,  
He spake a solemn word  
To ease her moan.

*PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.*

“Of thy lost child know well  
The worthy meed;  
Immortal it doth live  
The mortal deed.”

---

DONNA DOLOROSA

The Lady dolorous  
Gave me her gain—  
Her sympathy new-born  
Out of her pain.

Thy sorrow too, O man,  
Divine will be  
If thee it doth rebuild  
To sympathy.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

**L'IMMORTELLE**

I do not fear to be a dream,  
And see behind these eyes  
Where things no longer outward seem—  
There lives my soul's last prize.

My silent house I do not dread  
Nor shun its well-built wall;  
I know I shall rise from my bed  
When once I hear the call.

Let me but roam beyond in sleep  
Myself I then shall see,  
And in the God's own bosom peep  
My immortality.



*PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.*

ARISEN

Of all that ever lived  
The Earth is but the tomb,  
Of all that ever died  
It also is the womb.

And thou must make thy life  
To grow out of the grave,  
The death of death it is  
Alone which can thee save.

The Overseer of all  
Has thus to thee directed:  
“Arisen, thou must rise  
To be self-resurrected.”

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

DAY AND NIGHT

By day I pull a wooden boat  
Whose speed with toil is bought,  
By night I in a shallop float  
Whose oar is but my thought.

By day I feel the bleeding rent  
For half of me is gone,  
By night that half of to me is sent  
And I am whole till dawn.

By day are sundered human hearts  
And tears of blood then stream,  
By night restored are the parts  
When man can be a dream.

*PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.*

A SIGH

O that my life might glide  
    Into a dream,  
And I forever lave  
    In Memory's stream!

So would I flee beyond  
    The world's confusion,  
And live again in love  
    My dream's illusion.

---

WORDLESS

In madding throbs the heart doth break  
    With memories upstirred;  
To set its throbs to song I seek,  
    But I ken not the word.

A vision hymns within my sleep,  
    A roundel here unheard,  
That singing dream I fain would keep,  
    But I ken not the word.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

THE NEW LAW

To a new tribunal of Justice led  
Our World as a culprit I saw,  
Arraigned for its wrong I heard it to-night  
By a new cosmical law:

“No more is thy blood-guilt merely thine own,  
Confined to thine own little ground;  
Thy stab has cut into the whole universe,  
And the Godhead too feels the wound.

“For the suns and planets with satellites,  
And the star-sprent arch of the Galaxy’s plan,  
The nebulous fire-mist of millions of worlds,  
Are but the lit members of one whole man.”

HAUNTED

A burden I feel, but 'tis not mine own,  
There haunts me a cosmical sorrow;  
If I fling it aside by force for a day,  
It worms back through me to-morrow.

The plaint of the Planets I even may hear  
Suffusing my dream all the night,  
When I lie down to slumber abed with the Earth,  
Till Aurora may fleet me her light.

The Earth-soul gives me to share of her pang,  
For I to her body am bound,  
And I am only one droplet of woe  
From her omnipresent wound.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

THE SUN'S REFUSAL

The horologe of yon sun's face,  
Which measures moments drop by drop  
For this old billionth year of Earth,  
At last has come to a full stop.

It is as if Sol turned his look  
Aside in melancholy mood,  
Refusing hence to keep the tale  
Which tallies this day's toll of blood.

I wonder if the Sun is wroth,  
Presaging to shut off his light  
And turn old creeping Time himself  
To one long snaky night.

*PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.*

THE OLD SUN-CLOCK

The old sun-clock hung up in the skies  
Is ticking dull minutes to-day,  
As if rounding out terrestrial time  
With the final throw of his ray.

The old sun-clock is getting tired  
Of telling the time of the world,  
For he too is fated to fall along  
To Chaos with Cosmos now swirled.

The old sun-clock has fallen down space,  
To atoms he shrinks in the shock;  
But what do I see rise out the Beyond?  
It is a new sun with his clock.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

RENEWAL

Fond ancient sorrows bubbling up  
Now load with sighs each breath;  
I thought they were forever gone,  
But they rise up from death.

I feel the resurrection start  
Of an old suffering,  
And I am made to know again  
Of fate the primal sting.

Though mine own manhood I keep one,  
Mankind is cut in two;  
The world's wide wound cleaves me apart  
Till I myself renew.

How that may be I sing, O friend,  
As burden of my strain:  
I must return into the womb  
And bear myself again.



*PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.*

When I conceive the pregnant word  
Got of creation's throe,  
With it I hymn myself reborn  
Out of my aged woe.

---

PANORAMA

What antique paintings I relume  
In my night's gallery  
Lit by the sprited sheen which haunts  
My House of Dreamery!

A panorama of my years  
Before I had a memory,  
Paints all my centuries long done  
In shades of Dreamery.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

EDEN

Image veiled of Dreamery,  
Search is vain for thy dim land,  
Yet unminded if I be,  
In thy shadow there I stand;  
Covered in thy cloudy fold  
By me are all secrets heard,  
If I ask to have them told,  
Then they vanish at a word.

Hazy is thy welkin deep,  
Moonlit is thy silent sea,  
But the days forgotten keep  
Treasures buried there for me;  
Sweet embraces sunk in night,  
Forms that have been lost on earth,  
Rise again before my sight,  
Find a new, more radiant birth.

*PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.*

When this upper world I leave,  
Sink I to that Paradise,  
There I meet first Love, my Eve,  
All whose faded moments rise;  
Then creeps knowledge, jealous snake,  
Spies our secret hiding-place,  
Flees the queen, my spirit's wake,  
Eden fair dissolves to space.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

THOUGHT TO IMAGE

The Master Thought for many years,  
Shall keep his philosophic school;  
He builds the universe anew  
And sees it circle by his rule.

But what is this which slips one day  
Into that universe of Thought?  
The Image olden has returned  
But to new grandeur overwrought—

Transfigured to all time it seems  
Out of a single face's years;  
It wails to me a worldful's woe  
Streaming with many millions' tears.

### SELF-WINDER

I look up at my heavenly watch,  
This Earth's time-piece and thine,  
Somehow it seems to have run down  
Ticking the grand design.

“How can I wind my heavenly watch—  
God's measurer of me?”  
“First learn to wind thyself in all,  
Self-winder thou shalt be.”

---

### MY BOOK

My life is a fountain of dreams  
Whose droplets I catch in a book,  
As upward they jet to the sun  
And of them I drink as a brook.

But when I have drunk to the full,  
And slaked all the thirst of my Muse,  
I slip to my underworld's sleep  
And wait for the next piece of news.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

THE WORLD'S HOSPITAL

The day anatomizes me  
    With light's dissecting knife;  
The night collects my scattered wits  
    To heal my waking strife.

The world dismembered is by day  
    Whose surgeon is the light,  
The world turns one vast Hospital  
    Whose healer is the night.

---

RELIEF

When I am but a lone tear-drop  
    I turn it into rhyme  
Which makes it run a measure sweet  
    To tune the jarring time.

In rhythmic strain I bless my pain  
    And sing it to a glee,  
My loss I set to tuneful words  
    Which hymn my Dreamery.

*PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.*

THE NEW SUN

The last of all the setting suns,  
Downward I dreamed it diving;  
When Time's last setting sun had set,  
What next might be arriving?

I was not dead nor yet alive,  
But in between I hovered,  
Till I within my Self's own space  
Another sun discovered.

Out of its sheen the newer world  
I build with arching sky,  
On whose blue height I cap in song  
My dome of Dreamery.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

THE COMBAT

A dreadful demon of a dream  
Swooped down on me last night,  
It flapped its ghoulisn grisly wings  
And challenged to a fight.

I scourged to it my trembling ghost  
Who would the combat shun:  
“Conquer the fiend,” I cried to mine,  
“Damnation is to run.”

“Unless you master it in song,  
And make it tune its spell,  
It will you nightmare evermore—  
The devil in your Hell.”



*PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.*

THE HELPER

Oh Dreamery, great friend,  
Who art most true,  
The gift thou givest me  
Fate to undo.

Think not it is my sport  
To make this verse,  
I feel I must avoid  
What is far worse.

My Dreamery, be thou  
The surgeon's knife,  
Which cuts me to the heart  
To save my life.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

LESSER PAIN

Steep me in some lesser pain,  
    Welling up to memory,  
That I may forget again  
    What my heart once bade me be.

Give me not my times of bliss,  
    For I long to think and weep;  
Give me not what most I miss,  
    In some lesser pain me steep.

Tender chords to-day I choose,  
    Tune me to thy softer strain,  
Gentler stroke me, loving Muse,  
    Steep me in some lesser pain.

*PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.*

ORISON

Golden Hours, rise once more  
    Out your home within the deep,  
Bring along the loving lore,  
    That ye in your bosom keep.

Let me have again that night  
    When so oft I passed her door  
Stalking like a pallid sprite—  
    Ne'er I knew myself before.

Golden Hours, come back again  
    Out your silent sunken sea;  
Thrill me to your sweetest pain,  
    Golden Hours, come back to me.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

THE TIME'S HEALER

I see the Earth-ball start to roll  
And run out of my sight,  
As if it were a guilty thing  
Which dares not face the light.

Yet that is but the half of it  
Which turns from light away,  
The other half rolls just as fast  
Into the sheen of day.

I am the day, I am the night,  
Of both I am the birth;  
I see in me two hemispheres  
Become the one whole earth.

Ah, fell I feel the Fury's blow  
Which pierces any part,  
So I let drop into my words  
The bleeding world's stabbed heart,

*PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.*

Till the great Healer of the Whole  
Doth medicine the time  
And healing all the wounded world  
Heals too my wounded rhyme.

---

EARTH'S WOUND

The pother was only thine own hitherto,  
Scratched on thy periphery's ball;  
O Earth, in thee now creation is cleft,  
Thy hurt is hurt of the All.

The wound universal is thine to-day,  
Of its gash the cosmos now bleeds;  
The Great God Himself seems suffering  
For His own creature's deeds.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

MY DREAMS

Untimed, unspaced is their world,  
All-where, all-when they can fleet,  
From the Great Me over the border  
To the Little Me down in the street.

My writ rears a mansion of dreams  
In which I have daily to dwell,  
For what I am in myself  
They slip over to me and tell.

Of all that I ever have been  
They whisper the ghostly voice,  
With their word I have often to weep,  
And with it I often rejoice.

From over my waking bounds  
They race to wing into my soul  
With the message of aeons foregone,  
Whereof they keep the long scroll.

*PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.*

So timeless, so spaceless their world,  
Wherever, whenever they roam,  
They bear the Great Me from beyond  
To the Little Me here in my home.

---

PROVIDENCE

When on my couch at night  
My head I lay,  
The Dream is the Great God  
To whom I pray:

“Be thou the Providence  
To my lost soul;  
I fly to thee, O Dream,  
To heal me whole.”

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

DAY

It is the Day of Love;  
What glow on high!  
The air is all one kiss  
From out the sky.

It is the Day of Love;  
Tell me, Oh why?  
The Heavens above look down  
One mild, blue eye.

It is the Day of Love;  
Grief will not die,  
The breeze roves mid the hills  
One endless sigh.

It is the Day of Love;  
A face draws nigh;  
I feel the kiss of one  
From out the sky.



NIGHT

And now my Day of Love  
Hath shut its eye,  
Letting its sleepy lid  
Droop round the sky.

Within my House of Dreams  
Lit is Love's light,  
And Dusk has slid away  
Into the Night.

I, waking to the sun,  
Would all day roam,  
And then, O Dreamery,  
To thee come home.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

BY DAY AND NIGHT

Whither goest, joyous vision,  
Dancing on yon dome of sky?  
Lookest oft in light derision  
At our Earth that rolleth nigh;  
Or on beds of down thou liest  
Which the clouds have made for thee,  
And their golden fringe thou pliest  
In the Sun's bright tapestry.

Whither goest, silent dreamlet,  
Nightly looking me to tears,  
Tears that form a sobbing streamlet  
Winding darkly through my years?  
Often have I sought to hold thee  
Till my heart thy image take,  
But if once my arms enfold thee,  
Then, alas, I am awake.

*PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.*

Vision, sunny must be heaven  
For me to behold thy face,  
And the tempest-cloud be riven  
To let through thy beams of grace;  
Dreamlet, that from death upspringest  
Where its darkness shrouds the urn,  
Thou of night thy being bringest,  
And to night thou dost return.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

FUTURE

The Future is a wayward nurse  
Who holds to man her breast,  
And bids him suck of her milk's curse—  
Of Hell's or Heaven's quest.

She drove away the Now in scorn  
When I went to her school,  
And stuck into my heart the thorn  
That I was but her fool.

The lying Future never came  
But scoffed me with her vow;  
No more I woo the trothless dame—  
I wed the eternal Now.

*PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.*

PAST

I met upon the Patmos isle  
The old Semitic seer;  
I asked: "Where is thy Babylon?"  
He said: "Just now and here."

I flew the sea to Delphi's rock,  
And prayed: "What will become?"  
The priestess riddled me her rune:  
" 'Tis Pandemonium."

Still farther back I strayed in time  
To find the world's true dream;  
I mazed old Egypt's Labyrinth  
By lifeful Nile's hoar stream;

From shrine of inmost holiness  
Shot forth a worded gleam:  
"Your House of Dreamery rebuilds  
My labyrinthine Dream."

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

PROMETHEUS BOUND

I climbed the Mount of Sighs  
Till pain grew cold,  
An icy soul there stood—  
Prometheus old.

A frozen fount of tears  
Had chilled his eye,  
I saw its crystal jet  
Point toward the sky.

Hushed were its murmurs low,  
It flowed no more,  
But ever swelled within  
Its body hoar.

In him I dream mine own  
Deed overbold,  
My tragedy I feel  
In Titan old.

*PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.*

PROMETHEUS UNBOUND

When came along the Spring,  
And breathed soft,  
The Earth her mantle white  
Mid carols doffed.

The crystal fount of tears  
To melt began,  
Ah, softened was the soil  
Through which they ran.

And hot then gushed the stream  
From out that ice,  
Mine eye too overflowed  
With sudden rise.

I dream Prometheus freed  
Of his deed's chain,  
But wake to feel still mine  
Th' old Titan's pain.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

DREAM'S UNIVERSE

I saw a God to shape himself  
Out of the nought of Space,  
His head rose rounded to our globe  
On which he drew his face.

His feet could tread the twinkling stars  
Like stones across Time's stream,  
O'er which I saw him stalk three strides  
Within my daring dream.

His church was the domed firmament  
Which walled the moonlit night,  
The sun was his hot beating heart  
Whose throbs rolled seas of light.

High that huge body of the God  
Sat on all Space's throne,  
And oracled me his spirit's word,  
Which also was mine own:



*PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.*

“Thou, Dreamer, art the vision’s voice  
Which sings the soul of me,  
And this whole Universe is all  
Thy House of Dreamery.”

---

SHADOWS

The moonshine is witching the world  
Entranced in a dreamy hue,  
All things have turned to a shade  
And I am a shadow too.

We waltz in that silvery shower—  
My own dear shadow with me;  
Then romp we home to our feast  
In the House of Dreamery.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

GOD'S TEAR

The sad sphered Earth-ball tonight  
One tear-drop of God doth seem,  
And the World-pain piercing my heart  
Stabs deeper to redden my dream.

An angel touched me and said:  
"Here are three goblets of tears;  
Once more I give thee to taste  
The sorrows of all thy years."

I drank off my childhood's cup  
Without a qualm or a halt;  
Water it was and no more,  
With perhaps a grain of salt.

Then I quaffed the bowl of my youth,  
But it was very small,  
More salt there was than before  
With some infusion of gall.

*PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.*

The angel handed me next

The largest beaker of all:

“Here is the rain of thine eyes

That daily continues to fall.”

“Oh those are not tears of man,

Why now do they look so red?”

“Because thou art shedding not tears,

’Tis thy blood that thou dost shed.”

And so it fell out to-night

This blood-shot terrestrial sphere

From the great eye of the Dream-God

Rolled down at my feet as a tear.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

MY DUET

Gory and ghostly is the strain I sing;  
'Tis blood that flows when pierced is the heart,  
And red must be the words that paint its smart,  
Since tears are such a superficial thing,  
Dropping betimes for any little sting  
Which pricks a nerve and makes the body start,  
That they can not bestead the deeper Art  
Which seeks the half-lost soul anew to wing.  
But ghostly too I say my strain to be;  
For when the Present 's from our senses fled,  
And all the world around to us is dead,  
Then through the hallowed groves of Memory  
We roam, or in the land of golden dreams  
We dwell, where shadow substance seems.

RHYME'S CONDOLENCE

Let speech be dashed with blood  
Just like this gory time;  
If the world's body bleeds,  
So also must my rhyme.

I know my words are red,  
For from the heart they gush;  
Its drops rise to my tongue,  
And into verses rush.

Red let them stand on white,  
The rubric to my grief,  
Their color in mine eye  
Is what me brings relief,

And soothes this blood-let world  
Along with mine heart's me;  
Be thou God's dwelling-place,  
O House of Dreamery!

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

DECREE

The Earth-man shook his shaggy head  
As he ran on his race;  
He grandly stepped along the stars,  
And shot his sphere through space.

His haughty disc broke mouth and lips  
Which sang within my dream,  
While his huge eye-ball looked me through,  
To fate me he would seem:

“Thou, atom of my whole Earth’s Pain—  
Of millions only one—  
Thou art to share the whole of it,  
The whole thou dar’st not shun.”

LOVE'S TRIUMPH

At last the Judgment day  
Now strikes high noon,  
The Sun's great eye droops dusk  
Into a moon.

The mountain and its trees  
To phantoms fade,  
The earth itself doth glide  
Into its shade.

Mankind are longing dreams  
That haunt the tomb,  
And all things rush to meet  
Their shadowy doom.

The Sun in Heaven shades  
Into a moon,  
While into Love's own soul  
The World doth swoon.





# The House of Dreamery

---

## Part Second

### *THE DREAM LIFE*

O Pain, thou art Time's very heart—

The universal Heart

Which throbs within this stricken world

And of it makes me part.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

BEYOND

I sailed past the portals of morning,  
And swept through the ocean of space,  
Its little worlds everywhere scorning,  
Beyond was directed my face.

I sought for some mountainous wall  
The universe has as its bourne,  
My mind was to scale it or fall  
Through measureless aeons forlorn.

Beyond it I thought I could find  
The lost one to me and to Earth,  
And her to my soul I would bind  
And restore to the flesh of her birth.

But that wall I always must climb  
When I to see her desire,  
Must slip out the trammels of Time  
And dwell in the spirit's pure fire.

BLESSED PAIN

Give me back my blessed pain  
    Out my sunken world within;  
Golden sorrow, bloom again  
    That I may thy harvest win.

Show to me once more that moon  
    Swiftly trailing through the sky,  
Till she sank away too soon,  
    Left me standing there to sigh.

Doth the God of Suffering  
    Suffer too along with me?  
He it is who makes me sing  
    By his sacred sympathy.

He it is to whom I sing  
    All the pathos of my strain:  
Oh dear God of Suffering,  
    Give me back my blessed pain.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM

I stretch my hands to hold her,  
    Though shadow too I seem;  
In arms I will infold her,  
    A dream within a dream.

In arms I will infold her,  
    She fleets a ghostly gleam;  
My love I have not told her,  
    A dream within a dream.

My love I never told her,  
    I would the lost redeem;  
My soul, embrace her bolder  
    A dream within a dream.

My soul, embrace her bolder  
    And live the sun's warm beam,  
Ere we to love grow colder,  
    A dream within a dream.

*PART SECOND.—THE DREAM LIFE.*

Ere we to love grow colder,  
Who now two shadows seem,  
I in my arms infold her,  
A dream within a dream.

I in my arms infold her,  
Whom my own soul I deem;  
But oh! I could not hold her,  
A dream within a dream.

Oh, Death! I could not hold her,  
Beyond she sped a gleam;  
But still my love I told her,  
A dream within a dream.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

EVANISHMENT

Notes are falling light and airy  
From the distant cloud,  
Of mine ear they seem so wary  
Scarcely are they loud;  
'Tis the roundel of a spirit  
Dropping from above,  
And the skies that redden near it  
Show a heart of love.

Let me feel again that measure  
Breathing on mine ear;—  
But in vain I seek the treasure,  
Voice no more I hear;  
All to nought hath waned the sweetness  
When I wished it most,  
Flashed into my brain its fleetness  
Just as it was lost.

*PART SECOND.—THE DREAM LIFE.*

Thought in other thought now merges  
While I walk along;—  
Hark! in soft melodious surges  
Swells again that song;  
As I seek anew to listen  
Dies the cadence fond,  
And methinks I hear it hasten  
To its world beyond.

So departs my tuneful fairy  
If I mark her aught,  
Fades away the music airy  
At the ray of thought;  
If I think not I am near it  
Round my path it flows;  
But if once I know I hear it,  
Hear I but the close.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

THE SEASON'S PICTURE

Another phantom  
I flit to-day;  
I am the Autumn  
As lone I stray.

The grass is withered,  
Crisp are the leaves,  
The fruit is gathered,  
Stacked are the sheaves.

The trees forsaken  
Weep low their fate,  
The frost hath taken  
Away their state.

There stands how lonely  
The monarch oak!  
With bare head only  
Waits Winter's stroke.



*PART SECOND.—THE DREAM LIFE.*

The woods with riot  
No longer ring,  
The birds are quiet,  
Too sad to sing.

Each living creature  
Doth seem to mourn,  
And over Nature  
A veil is worn.

Dusk robes she borrows,  
Oh what has fled!  
The season sorrows  
For its sere dead.

Why stands this picture  
On Nature's scroll?  
It is the vesture  
Of my own soul.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

THE OLD STORY

The rose-bud has opened its lips  
And whispers to me of a maid,  
Whom Spring had brought to her bloom  
When her heart in my bosom was laid.

The lark is trilling with glee  
Her bridal refrain in the shade,  
I know the song that she sings,  
Its music I learned of the maid.

The lilly is drooping in white,  
Its leaves are beginning to fade,  
Oh well I hear what it tells—  
The story of the maid.

PAIN'S GOSPEL

Through suffering the world is one,  
For all must feel one pain,  
We both, my foe and I, are hit,  
Our wounds make the same stain.

And though our bodies smite apart  
In bleeding separation,  
Yet they keep that which makes them one—  
Their common tribulation.

My soul I know to be mine own,  
When battling with another,  
But when we both are writhing sore  
Each feels his sorrow's brother.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

THE FALLING STAR

I gazed on a falling star  
With its beautiful burning eye,  
Its train of diamonds afar  
Swept sparkling down the sky.

Headlong it fell in the Sea  
Out of the Heavens above,  
But quenched its blaze could not be,  
It was the star of love.

Old Ocean himself was fired  
When he felt that flame in his breast,  
He heaved and rolled and retired,  
Love too has stolen his rest.

Though fallen is the star  
And vacant its place in the sky,  
In his breast it is brighter by far  
Than when it was shining on high.

*PART SECOND.—THE DREAM LIFE.*

In his breast it burns brighter by far  
As it dances and throbs in the wave,  
O happier fallen star,  
Thy fall was thy fate thee to save.

---

RE-UNITED

In sleep I won the bourn  
Which made us twain;  
My soul has linked anew  
Its broken chain.

I have re-joined in thee  
This halved sphere,  
And made it whole again  
Fused in a tear.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

RETURNING STAR

I once had a Heaven myself,  
Its deity I was alone;  
One star I hung from its arch  
And all the universe shone.

But that was old Satan's revolt  
Which I again must enact;  
His battle was not only once—  
It happens every day's fact.

My Heaven has sunk into night  
And I am a god no more;  
From the star that looked in my face  
There twinkles no beam as of yore.

O fallen star of myself,  
I measure in music thy track  
Till it rounds out my orbit entire,  
For thou, I know, wilt come back.

*PART SECOND.—THE DREAM LIFE.*

NOW AND THEN

A wretched solace must that be  
Which rests upon a lie,  
Foregoing manhood's brightest crown  
To put to flight a sigh.

The world beyond is not of sense  
Repeating just what's here,  
To Faith I will not sell my soul  
That I may dry a tear.

Thy soothing hand, thy proffered lip,  
Thy loving eyes' soft beam  
Are dust, and only can be real  
When I myself am dream.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

SELF-RESURRECTION

A new uprisen dream  
Flew over me last night,  
It flashed its golden wings  
Waylaying me with light.

It brought to me my ghost  
Which murmured from a cloud:  
“Thou hast been often dead  
And buried in thy shroud.

“But when it once was seen  
That thou wast well entombed,  
Straightway with one upburst  
Thou hast thyself exhumed.

“And started with new life  
Which ran again its course,  
As if it had just tapped  
The one eternal source.



*PART SECOND.—THE DREAM LIFE.*

“Then thou wouldst die again,  
Thyself thou wouldst not save  
But with funereal gloom  
Be lowered in the grave.

“That seemed the last of thee—  
But look! What now expect!  
The tomb curbs not thy power  
Thyself to resurrect.

“So oft deceased O man,”  
Imbreathed me my own ghost,  
“So oft insouled anew,  
Thou art not to be lost.

“Now bid I thee my best  
Unheard of man before;  
Dig up thy buried self  
And let it live once more,

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

“That it may tell in might  
The tale of thy life’s prime,  
Then sing thy spirit new  
Reborn of this new time.”

From mine own raptured ghost  
I hear the biddance brave,  
I leap out of my dream  
As if I quit the grave.

That word I must obey  
Without the least defection,  
Else dying soon again  
I lose self-resurrection.

THE DUET

Like comrades we talk on the road  
Recalling the days that have fled,  
Mine own dear double and I—  
We both are a memory sped.

Each hymns of the other's fate,  
For it seems also his own;  
Attuned to that spectral light  
The winds pipe ghostly their moan.

Each shade with the other doth sing,  
Then airily fades to a swoon,  
While glimmering off the sky  
Has shot the last sheen of the Moon.

Together that dreamful duet  
Of my dear double and me,  
Doth echo ethereal strains  
In my House of Dreamery.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

DIRGE

The wounded world in pain  
To wail I heard,  
It seemed to move two lips  
Which bled its word:

“This half of me, oh lay  
Within the ground,  
A half can not be healed  
Of its one wound.

“Nor tell me that old Time  
Can cure my sorrow;  
I will not have it cured,  
More would I borrow.

“Ye murky shades of Night,  
My soul enshroud,  
Nor let one beam of light  
Cut through the cloud.

*PART SECOND.—THE DREAM LIFE.*

“I wish to keep my heart  
All torn in two,  
And daily have it drip  
With bloody dew.

“The other half of me  
Lies in the ground,  
This half can not be healed  
Drip, drip, oh wound.”

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

THE SERAPH

A seraph flew down through the air  
And alighted close to my side,  
A store of beauty he brought  
'Gainst sorrow my soul to provide.

The crook of a shepherd he reached,  
When arose a peaceful strain,  
Of streams and mountains and sheep—  
But disgust was added to pain.

As I turned away with a sigh,  
He put in my hand a bright sword,  
A song was soon heard in the air  
With a hurrying, clangorous word.

The battle came on with its roar,  
The heroes great valor displayed,  
I listened awhile to the noise  
Then handed him back his blade.

*PART SECOND.—THE DREAM LIFE.*

To weep the good seraph began  
As I turned again to depart,  
He stepped up behind me and laid  
To mine ear the throb of a heart.

At once my body and soul  
Dissolved to a musical tear;  
Oh seraph, come down to my side  
And lay that heart to mine ear.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

RECESSIONAL

The Sun stood o'er my head  
At deep midnight,  
But in his great round eye  
Wan was the light.

A tear cut off his rays  
From wonted glow;  
I said to him: "Oh Sun,  
Why weep'st thou so?"

He moved his great round eye  
And looked at me:  
"Thy moans have reached the stars,  
I pity thee.

"I've turned about my steeds,  
Am going back,  
The Past shall rise again,  
Along my track."

He hurried to the East,  
Sank in the sea,  
And then from out the West  
At morn rose he.



*PART SECOND.—THE DREAM LIFE.*

Backward the seam of Time  
He rips each hour,  
The Done becomes undone  
With crash of power.

The tomb begins to live,  
There stirs the clay,  
The dead break out their graves  
And walk away.

Thy hour is drawing on;  
Will burst my heart!  
What footsteps in the hall!  
Oh here thou art.

And with thee floods the throng  
Of this year's slain,  
They hymn a world re-born  
And live again.

But see! the Sun o'erhead  
Is turning round,  
And, telling future time,  
Looks, westward bound.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

THE BELDAMES THREE

I read long ago of the beldames three  
In many an olden history,  
Which still would seem but a fable to be  
Until their eyes got a hold on me.

In a dream they crossed my path one day,  
I turned aside to avoid their way,  
My feet in fetters there seemed to stay,  
My jaws were locked, no word could say.

“He comes,” they shrieked with a mad laugh of zeal,  
One had a spindle, another a wheel,  
A thread thereon she began then to reel,  
A thread whose clew in my brain I could feel.

The third one raised the remorseless shears  
Which her fingers ply through the murderous years,  
No wail can melt the wax of her ears,  
Her eyes fierce flame burns up all her tears.

*PART SECOND.—THE DREAM LIFE.*

The thread was flowing with droplets so red,  
The beldame looked for a moment and said:  
“If I should cut now this little thread,  
Then he, methinks, would only be dead.

“But I shall snap his heart in twain,  
And take the part which has no pain,  
And leave him a half to bleed amain  
That he both alive and dead remain.”

The beldames three have left my path,  
But still I see those eyes of wrath,  
And daily in a crimson bath  
I feel the shears the beldame hath.

For the beldames three have had a fresh birth,  
Now circling both me and all of the earth;  
To the glut of gore there is no dearth,  
They take their blood-toll from every hearth.

THE TWO VOICES

Within my breast I keep hearing  
The voice of a dolorous round,  
Which, weaving through many a word,  
Would always bring back the same sound:—

“Heart, oh heart more heavy  
Than metal that ever was found,  
Methinks that if thrown in the river,  
I would sink with thee and be drowned.

“Roaming in mead or in forest  
Removes of thy weight not a pound;  
I tread and my feet seem sinking  
To my final home in the ground.

“Earthy too is this bosom  
Whose walls enfold thee around,  
And whenever I hear thy throbbing  
Leaden and dead is the sound.”

*PART SECOND.—THE DREAM LIFE.*

Answer to these reproaches

Came back like a voice in a swoond:

“A grave is thy heart so heavy

With corpse and coffin and ground.

“Still thine be the voice of the Dreamer

Upbearing thy sorrow profound,

To feel as thine own the whole world-pain

Now tossing the Earth-ball around.

“For this globe is becoming a charnel

And bleeding to death of its wound,

While throbless hearts by the million

Are lowered to rest in the ground.”

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

THE GIANT

It hissed and flashed and thundered,  
With sulphur was filled the air,  
The Heavens from Earth were sundered  
By a wall of flaming despair.

In the blaze stood a smiting Giant  
With the glare on his angry face,  
And his eyes flashed more defiant  
As he smote with his mighty mace.

The Earth kept rolling and quaking  
That no one could firmly stand,  
Atlantean pillars were shaking  
Beneath his violent hand.

Then burst the loudest thunder,  
But the figure no longer was seen;  
Still Heaven and Earth were asunder  
Though daylight lay between.

*PART SECOND.—THE DREAM LIFE.*

I sought for that figure volcanic  
Where last was heard the sound,  
The Earth showed a grin Satanic—  
A fissure in the ground.

Still out of the mouth of that fissure  
Spoke the time's remedial grief,  
And I shouted after its measure  
The strain of mine own relief.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

THE RELIEVER

The universal man  
Lies stabbed to-day  
And with him I must bleed  
To let my lay.

My rhymes are drops of blood  
That gurgle low,  
Their wound I dare not stanch,  
It has to flow.

I would not sing a word  
If I were whole,  
But song alone relieves  
The writhing soul.



THE FACE OF PAIN

I dreamed a face rose out of space—

No words, no smiles, no winks—

And yet Fate's oracle it looked,

Then loomed the cosmic Sphinx.

A down from its fixed features flowed

The world-heart's tearless Pain;

I heard from those void lips of space

In me this voiceless strain:

“O Pain, I feel thee Time's own heart—

The universal Heart

Which throbs within this stricken world

And of it makes me part.”

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

SPRING

O Spring, thy breath of youth  
Again is here,  
Thy laughing spell of life,  
I can but fear.

What storms the raging heart  
In wild refrain?  
Is it a new delight,  
Or the old pain?

The South sends up her breeze  
To free the land,  
The brooks leap down the hills  
Out Winter's hand.

The buds peep out their beds  
To greet the day,  
The forest orchestra  
Begins to play.

*PART SECOND.—THE DREAM LIFE.*

The children out the house  
Rush to the air,  
Wild rings the chime of glee,  
Joy everywhere.

Heaven's Grand Almoner,  
The bright-haired Sun,  
Throws down his fairest gift,  
And Spring is won.

Oh Spring, I cannot stand  
Thy merry strain,  
The more delight I feel  
The more the pain.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

ROSES

Oh roses that dream in the sun,  
Arouse from your fragrant sleep,  
My heart by your passion is won,  
And in wild longing doth leap.

Your buds of bright red from the spray  
Gush out like drops from the heart;  
Is it love o'erflowing in play,  
Or is it a wound's bloody smart?

The Sun doth soothe you to rest,  
And round you more warm is his beam;  
See the flame dart up in each breast!  
I know that of love is your dream.

More scarlet is turning the rose,  
And darker is colored its stain;  
'Tis sending out blood in its throes,—  
Now I feel its dream is of pain.

Oh roses that bleed with the kiss  
That falls in the Sun's golden rain,  
Your passion is love's sweetest bliss,  
Yet oh, your passion is pain.

---

### LIKE THROUGH LIKE

Whenever words are tinct  
In colors of the heart,  
They must be read through tears  
Their crimson to impart.

The Furies slash mankind,  
Like tigers gnash the years;  
Let Poet write in blood,  
Let Reader read through tears.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

A TEAR

To thee my daily meed of love  
I pay, a tear,  
Which lifts thee up from thy low bed  
Of clay, so drear.

A tear that ever shall a picture  
Hold, of thee,  
Ta'en in some sad or happy time  
Of old, with me.

A tear throbb'd out the centre of  
My breast by throes,  
And quivering with a wavy wild  
Unrest of woes.

A tear whose crystal holds thy life  
Serene insphered,  
And rules mine eye as some majestic  
Queen so weird.

*PART SECOND.—THE DREAM LIFE.*

A tear which bubbling up from Memory's  
Well down deep,  
Doth drag the Past from out his murky  
Cell of sleep.

A tear which swells up to the Earth's  
Round ball apace,  
And from the sad Almighty's eye  
Doth fall through space.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

THE ONE

One face looks out the air  
Everywhere,  
Far on the sunset's cloud,  
In the crowd;

"Thou art that dream," sing I,  
"Fleeting by";  
To me smiles back thy look  
From my book;

All letters spell the same  
Thy loved name;  
I see thee in thy bower  
Once more flower,

Then o'er all falls the gloom  
Of the tomb—  
Still lives through thee undone  
Just the One.



*PART SECOND.—THE DREAM LIFE.*

NATURE'S KEY-NOTE

A thousand voices Nature hath  
That whisper low and loud,  
Revealing what lies hid beneath  
The deep unconscious cloud.

Whatever music you may thrill  
In earth or sky around,  
Concordant to the mood within  
Its notes are ever found.

She is the rising, setting sun,  
As well the calm as storm,  
She is another to herself—  
Her own two-visaged form.

A varied music is her speech,  
But music deep and true,  
Its harmony you seek to find—  
The key-note lies in you.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

VERNAL MOOD

Vernal winds, so blandly blowing,  
Frozen waters free ye set,  
But my tears ye start to flowing  
Like the mountain rivulet.

Vernal Sun, thou mildly shinest,  
Till the earth once more is dry,  
Otherwise thou me inclinest,  
Ever wet is now mine eye.

Vernal Love, from thee youth borrows  
Sweetest strains of glee and hope,  
But to me thou breathest sorrows  
In whose memory I grope.

Genial Spring, thy glance releases  
Ice-bound joys of all the year;  
But to me thy flood increases  
By the melting of this tear.

AUTUMNAL MOOD

The Painter Autumn touches now the wood,  
He spreads his colors on the leafy green,  
A picture thereout grows of wondrous sheen  
Wherein he paints his melancholy mood;  
But when his work of beauty is once done,  
Each leaf which hath his gentle pencil felt,  
Drops down to earth and into soil doth melt  
When just its time of glory had begun.  
The gloomy Painter studies to portray  
On Nature's canvas bright the face of Death;  
But all his strokes are followed by decay,  
His picture vanishes before his breath;  
And when the leaves are gone, as in a dream,  
He follows too, the victim of his theme.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

PESSIMISM

Somehow to-day I double am,  
And double shines the truthless Sun;  
Fair Nature turns a two-faced dream  
When her I love as one.

I glance aloft into the sky  
And there behold a fleecy cloud;  
It is a robe to deck a bride,  
Oh no, it is a shroud.

I hear a warbler in the wood,  
The trees are trilling with his strain;  
His joy runs out the tiny beak,  
Oh no, it is his pain.

The Sun looks down upon the world  
As he pursues his radiant race;  
What peace he spreads along his way!  
What rage is in his face!

The lightnings flash, the thunders crash,  
The warrior battling times his breath;  
It is his victory presaged,  
But no, it is his death.

---

### OPTIMISM

Let Nature twist her double tongue  
And let her feign her double face,  
Then stories criss-cross tell the friend  
Who seeks her charm's embrace;  
  
But be his lot or weal or woe,  
His change from out her look hath shone;  
Though manifold may be her mask,  
Her sympathy is one.

RESTORED

I have called up a world of shades  
Wherein I love to be,  
An image is my dearest mate,  
Which lives and loves with me.

I throw away my conscious self,  
I pray to be a dream,  
That I may never feel or know  
I am not what I seem.

A restoration sweet it is,  
Its nothingness I will not think,  
To me is sent a healing shape,  
To bind the broken link.

MEMORY

Thou, Memory, art my waking dream  
If nought without assail;  
My life to live again I seem  
Repeating o'er its tale.

So when from flesh the soul is free  
And all to nought is hurled,  
Must Memory be reality  
The ever-present world.

But now I as a lover woo  
The maiden Memory,  
Who lets me in her soul foreview  
My immortality.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

IMAGE TO THOUGHT

Death comes and rends the bond in twain,  
Removes the living from the sight;  
Emotion ploughs the breast with sobs,  
And all the world flies into night.

Next out the darkness steps a form  
Which to the soul deep raptures saith;  
It seems as if all is restored;  
The Image triumphs over Death.

But then this shape begins to fade,  
And e'en to flee what once it sought;  
Go back we must into the world,  
Now last the Image yields to Thought.

Thou, Thinker, hast to-day returned  
Out of thy eerie phantoms' strife;  
Let now their discords be resolved  
To thy built symphony of life.



PSYCHOLOGY

The Dream-sprite flurried me last night  
By his off psychic mood;  
He whispered me a set of words  
I hardly understood:

“Thou must be now subliminal;  
And to thy essence delve;  
Though thou art born a self at first  
Thou must thyself resolve.”

“You are a mystagogue,” I frowned,  
“Unsettling the time’s brain  
With psychologic Dreameries  
Which God cannot explain.”

But round me gloamed his new response  
As he to ether whirled:  
“Thou, man, hast never selved thyself  
Nor hast thou selved the world.”

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

NO MORE

O Dreamer, sing it out  
What plagues thee sore;  
Why eats this fire of Hell  
At thy heart's core?—  
“I dreamed that I could dream  
No more, no more.

“To-day I have a pain  
Ne'er felt before,  
There is a something gone  
I would restore;  
I dreamed that I could dream  
Of thee no more.

“Oblivion's hand wiped out  
All time of yore,  
And Heaven shut its book  
Of starry lore;  
I dreamed that I could dream  
Of thee no more.

*PART SECOND.—THE DREAM LIFE.*

“Some fiend in mantle black  
    Stepped in my door,  
My heart soon felt a blade  
    Pierce to its core;  
I dreamed that I could dream  
    Of thee no more.

“It was as if dim shapes  
    My body bore,  
Then with an earthen pall  
    ’Twas covered o’er;  
I dreamed that I could dream  
    No more—no more.”

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

LAST JUDGMENT

I heard the God proclaim  
The time's new vow :  
O Man, thy Future's Dream  
Round to the Now.

The Holy Promise paid  
Must be to-day,  
Too long we have endured  
The false delay.

Hope must fruition be  
Whose horn is full,  
And to the Real must change  
The Possible.

To life the Image vain  
Must quickly leap.  
The dream and waking too  
One shape must keep.

*PART SECOND.—THE DREAM LIFE.*

To Knowledge, brightest sun,  
All Faith must rise,  
Yet seek the world below  
And not the skies.

The day of Judgment too  
Is every day,  
The Judge sits now to hear  
What you may say.

The deed must be the creed  
Which is not said,  
And life an endless prayer  
Which is not prayed.

God has become a man  
And Death a Birth,  
Let Heaven now fall down  
Upon the Earth.













HP  
Apr 22, 1921

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 012 227 017 8

